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NURSING.

AFTER Miss Nightingale's bright, sensible little book about Nursing, it is with some hesitation, on my own account, that I put such a title to my paper. Still, as I have seen a great deal of sickness, and, what is perhaps as much to the purpose, have been a good deal nursed myself, we will have, if you please, a little, quiet, general talk about nursing. The first, the essential requisite in a nurse, is *hope*. We are saved by hope. While nothing can be more bald and dispiriting than the professional smile of a crumby old woman, without stays, who is paid to keep awake at night (which she does not), there is nothing more sympathetic than genuine hope. I do not mean belief, expressed or not, that a particular patient will recover, but hopefulness, which is like sunshine, which warms and cherishes the failing sap of life. It is the business of the nurse to look, not to the disease, but to the natural power making a protest against it. She—I use the feminine gender, though bearded men have nursed with the tenderness of woman—she must search for the strength there is in the patient, and protect and educate that; she must seek for the little spark of the old fire which lies under the choked or burned-up heap, and educate *that*, helping it to circulate again through the body within which it has shrunk. Without an eye on that, she may try to soothe pain in her wisest way, but she will not succeed; she will be always making some radical mistake. I remember once, when I was recovering from a fever, becoming very low and wearied. The unnatural strength which fever gives had left me: I was helpless as a heap of clothes. Fever had worn me, like a coat, for some weeks, but now had thrown me off, and gone. As I lay there, I felt that all I needed was to be left alone, that the skin might grow over my nerves again, that the small molecules of life might accumulate undisturbed, and build themselves quietly up, like coral. Any attempt to amuse or assist me went against the grain. One day, a kind visitor hearing me say I felt tired, began to stroke my arm. It had the same effect on me that a slow rubbing has on the edge of a finger-glass. Then I appreciated the genius of my nurse. She let the delicate process of silent recovery go on without comment or curious inspection, and I gathered health with accumulating speed, as by compound interest.

Nurses should remember that almost all patients may be referred to one or other of two classes—those who like, and those who dislike to be noticed. A little observation and tact will soon shew to which of these two genera a sick person belongs. The whole

management of the case is seriously affected by a mistake in this matter. One man is actually checked every time you ask him how he is. The little feeler of life which he is pushing on towards recovery, starts back at the question, like the horn of a snail when you touch it. Let the snail alone, if you want him to make progress. Another man frets inwardly if you don't give him the opportunity of talking about himself. That seems to be nature's way of freeing him from his malady. Persistent silence puts him in a passion.

Never argue with a sick man. I don't know whether you are wise in ever doing so with any one, under any circumstances; but it is positively cruel to do so with a man who is weak and ill. I have, however, known people prove that a patient is better, to his teeth, when he affirms otherwise. Now, what can be the good of this? If he is better, he is better; if not, you certainly make him worse. Any argument with him, however reasonable, however clear, is only selfish indulgence on your part. The only atonement you can make is to set the logical top spinning again for a few minutes, and allow yourself to be cleverly beaten. If you can manage that speedily, dexterously, you may as well try it; but perhaps the best plan is to say no more on the matter. Oh! what torture have I seen inflicted by the most conscientious, affectionate friends. There was no question about their fondness; but many a time their positive anxiety to establish a sanitary conclusion has retarded the recovery of their beloved one, nay, even sometimes rendered it impossible. There are many persons worried to death, killed with kindness, if that may be called such which frets the thin thread of life away, by daily fuss, till it snaps. Have you never heard in a sick-room: 'I have been telling him that he must not,' &c. Don't you know the appealing look the patient lifts to the visitor? What hours of affectionate recrimination does not that recall? How often the doctor would astonish his customers if he could speak out. 'How do you think he is getting on?' says the friend, just loud enough to be unintelligible to the subject of his inquiry. If the doctor could speak out, he would say: 'Well, my dear Mr., or my dear Mrs., or my dear Miss What-do-ye-call-it, I think he is getting on miserably, thanks to you.'

If such people would be really unkind, they would very likely do less mischief. If the sufferer could feel himself justified in ordering them out of the room, or throwing a physic-bottle at their heads, or otherwise letting off the natural anger they had generated within him, he would take little harm. 'You must restrain yourself, my dear,' says Mrs Gosofly, as she fiddle-faddles about the bed with provoking neatness

and quiet. 'Ay, there is the rub,' the patient thinks: 'restrain myself—it needs health and strength to do that. Please let me fret in comfort; let me have it out; it is there; and if you insist on my corking myself up tight, perhaps I might burst.'

Next to hopefulness in a nurse, I would say that decision is necessary. Consult your patient's wants, but consult him as little as possible. Your decision need not be very obvious and positive; you will be most decisive, if no one suspects that you are so at all. It is the triumph of supremacy to become unconsciously supreme. Nowhere is the same decision more blessed than in a sick-room. Where it exists in its genuineness, the sufferer is never contradicted, never coerced; all little victories are assumed. The decisive nurse is never peremptory, never loud. She is distinct, it is true: there is nothing more aggravating to a sick person than a whisper. She never walks tip-toe; she never makes gestures; all is open and above board. She knows no diplomacy or *finesse*, and of course her shoes never creak. Her touch is steady and encouraging. She does not pester. She never blows her nose in a subdued, provokingly imperfect, and considerate sort of way, but honestly, and in a natural tone. She never looks at you sideways. You never catch her watching. She never slams the door, it is true, but she never shuts it slowly, as if she were cracking a nut in the hinge. She never talks behind it. She never peeps. She pokes the fire skilfully, with firm judicious penetration. She caresses one kind of patient with genuine sympathy; she talks to another as if he were well. She is never in a hurry. She is worth her weight in gold, and has a healthy prejudice against physic, which, however, she knows at the right time how to conceal. In short, she is hearty, decisive, tender, and hopeful.

I said, when I began, that the object of the nurse should be to look to and educate the shrunken fire of life, and not try too eagerly to battle against the disease. Nature is doing that. She wants to be helped, not superseded. She cannot bear being put second in command; to have a great peremptory dose, for instance, rushing into her bureau or office, and insisting on this or that result or performance, which she would have brought about before long in her own way. No doubt there are occasions in which, like all other powers, she is glad to make an alliance with a stranger; but all measures of this kind must be taken with a view to her help, not to her deposition or disturbance. Let the nurse learn this first; let this be the principle of her action, the radical motive of her care; and then she will at least possess that essential without which all other active qualifications and faculties will only too frequently make her do mischief. The disease she is set to watch may not be bribed, like an old heathen god, by sacrifices of any kind, for they only established the bad character of the god, leaving him, in the estimation of the worshipper, more powerful and dangerous than ever. No, it is the nurse's business to realise the sound element in the person under her charge, to encourage the small and weak good, content if it grow of itself, however slowly.

What I have said refers to the nursing of sick adults; it is also applicable to that of infants. There the little one has to be protected, not forced. It would be as foolish to catch a toddling infant up, and run with it across the room—when the object really is to help the child to walk, not merely to gain the opposite corner—as it is to hurry a sick person into unnatural health by violent medicine and other measures. If the house is on fire, and the brat cannot walk, why, then, pick it up anyhow, and run for its life. But if the house is not on fire—if the journey across the room be desirable only as of the child's performance—then we let it go as much by itself as possible, reducing external help to a minimum, say to a little finger. So with a sick man; if

there be no pressing and immediate danger, if there be fair prospect of his being likely to get well, let his infant strength, like the baby, feel its own way with as small assistance as can be.

I believe that as many children are injured through life by careful as by careless nursing. They are helped too much, coddled too much, kept from tumbling about too much, kept from crying and romping too much. There is not, for instance, a more elaborate instrument of torture than a child's high-backed chair, on which it sits at meals, if not at other times, bolt upright, with its legs off the ground.

What should you think of a gardener who so shielded the young trees under his care that they could never feel the wind? I really don't know what you would think, but, as a matter of fact, the gardener would be a fool, and ought to have warning. Wind is exercise to the young trees, ay, and the old one's too. They can't get up and run about over the field; they can't play leap-frog or hop-scotch; their only exercise is swinging; this promotes their circulation, and opens their chests. They play up in the air. Now, children want all manner of tumbling and rolling about, for their proper growth; and when I see them set primly up upon one of those abominable high-backed chairs, I think of a stunted scanty seedling standing upright where no breath of air can come to move its weary stalk. It is bad enough for any one to be cramped up—did you ever travel forty-eight hours in a diligence?—but it is worse for those who are young; they are intended to wriggle into life. Burn your high-backed, narrow-seated chairs. How would you like to get your dinner sitting on the mantel-shelf?

There is another instrument of torture—a patent one, I believe—I mean a perambulator. When I see two babies seated asleep in one, with their naked legs meeting the wind (which is always trying in sleep), and their heads hanging down, backwards, I think of calves going to market in a butcher's cart. Why can't babies have a back to lean their heads against? As it is, they generally hang over behind, or sideways, like those egg-shaped balls of rope—I think they call them 'fenders'—which are held over the edge of a steamer when it is going to bump against the pier. Poor little baby-heads! I hope some humane speculator will invent a new carriage or barrow for you, in which you can go to sleep without one-half of you overlapping the other.

But I must have done with the babies. I want to say a little about the nursing of old people, the most touching, and perhaps the most trying branch of the art. Here you have to eke out the oil in the lamp, knowing that the vessel is low. The wick must be trimmed tenderly. You have in some cases the helplessness and irritability of the baby, and no gradual unfolding of power to come, no glimpses of the future manhood, but only of the past. The leaf is tender, not because it is a bud, but because it has nearly struggled from the stem, been nearly fluttered off by the wind and hail of life. It is for you to keep it there as long as you can, till some sudden frost shall come, and it falls down upon the common ground, where both rose and thistle really mix at last.

The great difficulty in nursing some very old people arises, of course, out of their habit of power and authority. They have been strong in body and mind. When you are old, you will perhaps not like to admit to yourself that you are not what you were, in either. You will try to set yourself straight with others by many allusions to decay, but this is the only concession you will make. You will probably own to infirmities, and then, as if the admission exonerated you, act as if you did not acknowledge them. Thus we see very old persons sometimes presume upon their age, and insist on this or that with a pertinacity they never exhibited before. Of course this makes the work of nursing them doubly trying and painful, but the old

principle holds. Look to what there is of true life and strength, adapt your treatment to it; above all, use it. Learn of the aged; help them by being helped; strengthen by seeking strength. You may depend upon it, though your head may be cool, and your machinery of judgment in first-rate working-order, there is an instinctive wisdom granted to old age, when the fruit of experience is mellow and wholesome.

But if the fruit hang beyond its time, as I have seen grapes still upon a vine, shrunk and white with mouldiness before they have been gathered, or dropped of themselves—if you have to nurse the querulous and bitter aged, oh! tend them as if they were sweet.

We cannot think about nursing without seeing how widely the word has been used. We nurse projects, prejudices, quarrels, and a very vigorous maturity do these last two sometimes rapidly gain; an infant grievance, a childish offence, is capable, with care, of growing up into a war, of setting the world in flames. How great a matter a little fire kindleth. But I don't want to dwell over these. All I can say is, that if a young suckling of a quarrel be born to you, expose it, strangle it, apply the most effectual form of infanticide you ever heard of, or some day it will grow beyond your management and wish.

But remember, in regard to the nursing of thoughts and projects, that the very same principle as I have advocated still applies. Force nothing, or it will either grow crooked or die soon. Give an infant thought plenty of play; let it run about in the fields; and, if it is to grow, the unconscious mother of all growth will help it on. You will find fresh matter accumulate around the original idea; and some day, the once baby may be sent out into the world full-grown, to make its way with such a constitution and brain-power as it may have inherited from you its parent.

THE DETECTIVE IN AMERICA.

BEING ON duty for the time, and the evening close and sultry, I was just settling myself in the open window of my lodgings, to smoke a quiet pipe, when another member of the force came to tell me that I was wanted by the superintendent. I went at once as required.

'Banks,' said the superintendent to me, when I was in his room, and the door shut, 'we have got a clue at last towards finding that man Jennings.'

'Indeed, sir, I am glad to hear you say so,' answered I, and I spoke the truth. Uncommonly glad I was, for our profession, like the rest, has its pride about it, and we had been a good deal twitted in the newspapers for not having succeeded, during seven months of fruitless search, in securing that particular criminal. A shy bird was that Jennings. His doubles and twists had baffled some of the deepest heads in the police, and although we had often come upon his hiding-place just after he had left it, we never could lay hands on him. He was not a common offender. Well educated, and born in a very respectable station of life, he might have done well, and made an honest fortune, if he could but have kept straight. He was clever, and a first-rate accountant, and got the post of cashier to the — Bank while still quite a young man. I need hardly repeat his story—how he forged, and altered figures in pass-books, and played ducks and drakes with the floating balance of his employers. It is a common narrative. He went off at last, just when detection grew certain, and carried with him nineteen thousand pounds, besides valuable papers and securities for a large amount. Every exertion was made, no expense was spared, and many times we seemed sure of him as he prowled up and down the country in various disguises; but at last the scent grew colder and colder,

and we feared Jennings had given us the slip for good and all. Five months had elapsed since the last time he had been seen or heard of, and we had given up the job as hopeless, when the superintendent sent for me, and gave me the above information.

'Yes,' said my superior, rubbing his hands together as was his way when he was thoughtful, 'we have got a clue to him at last. But he is a long way off—out of our reach, perhaps. He is in America.'

This did not surprise me in the least. The number of rogues that I have had, professionally, to hunt down, and who were on their way to America, or starting to go to America, or making up their minds to go to America, would astonish you. Why, when we hear of a runaway criminal, the first thing that comes into our heads is Liverpool and the line of packets.

'Banks,' went on the superintendent, 'I intend to send you after him. But I doubt very much whether you will be able to track him out, much less to bring him and the property back to England with you.'

'I've very little fear about the matter, sir, if I can but come up with him,' I answered cheerfully enough; for, you see, during the seven years I had been in my present department of the force, I had been on similar errands three times—twice to America, and once to France, and had been successful on all occasions. Not that I am a bit more expert than my comrades, nor perhaps equal to some that I could name, but that an offender can generally be traced out, if a man will but give his whole heart to the work.

'Yes,' said the superintendent, 'but I need not tell you that this Jennings is a slippery customer, and too wide awake to fall into the errors of ordinary scoundrels. You won't find him drinking at the bar of a Bowery tavern, nor yet lodging at a water-side hotel in New York. You took your first man in New York that way, did you not, Banks?'

'Yes, sir,' I replied.

'And your second at Philadelphia, where you had an easy bargain of him. But this is a different matter. Jennings has gone South, Banks?'

'I am ready to follow him, sir,' said I. So, after some more necessary talk, the superintendent gave me the information that had come to the ears of government, and my instructions, and money to defray expenses, besides telling me where and how to draw for more, and handing me a warrant to apprehend the body of Caleb Jennings, properly signed by the secretary of state. One more help was afforded me—a photographic portrait of the runaway, which had been procured with difficulty, and only a very little while before, from the artist who had taken his likeness, and who had kept a copy, as usual. Perhaps, if we had had that photograph to assist us half a year back, we might have circumvented him, for we heard afterwards that he had twice seen and spoken with our officers, who took him for somebody else.

'Well, good-luck to you, Banks,' said the superintendent at parting; 'and if you wanted, which I don't believe, any further inducement to do your best in forwarding this important capture, I am in a position to supply it. The commissioner especially selected you for this duty; adding, that in the event of success, you might expect your immediate promotion to be inspector. Now, good-bye, and don't fail to bring Jennings back with you.'

So I went. I did not disguise from myself, as I steamed pleasantly over to New York, that a difficult business lay before me. My two former trips across the Atlantic, although they had only given me a sight of two or three important northern cities, had taught me that America differed from England by long chalks, and that there was still less likeness between North and South than between the Old Country and the New. I cannot pretend to much book-knowledge, though I improve my mind when I have a chance, but I had talked to Americans a good deal, and read many of their newspapers, and kept

eyes and ears open; and I knew pretty well that, down South, the law was less respected than elsewhere, that duels and street-rows, and stabbings, and gougings, and shootings, were only too plenty, and human life valued at a very low figure; and that shews the cunning of Jennings in taking his precious self and his ill-gotten cash down South, instead of staying, as all the uneducated scamps did, among the whisky-shops and fourth-rate boarding-houses of the seaports. He knew, Jennings did, how much tougher would be the work of any officer to ferret him out, and bring him back, if he were to put thousands of miles of rail and river, and unhealthy climates, and lawless places, betwixt him and the usual landing-place of passengers from England. Besides, in the slave states, where people's tempers are hot and peppery, the odds were fifty to one that a Britisher would never be suffered to make a caption. It would be resented as an insult to the states, and I should be likely to get a leaden pill administered to me by some native boon-companion of the forger. I did not lose heart when I thought over all this, but I determined I would be cautious, and not burn my fingers if I could help it. I went from New York to Norfolk in Virginia, not that it was believed the man was there, because he had been heard of in Nashville, Tennessee, at a later date, but because it was best to track him regularly, and rake up every scrap of information against a rainy day. That is indeed a maxim of my profession, never to neglect trifles. Nothing is a trifle to those who have patience and wit to use it. I've known an old button, a torn envelope, a worn-out slipper, serve to bring a rogue to justice when all else has failed.

From Norfolk, having picked up what little I could, I went off into Tennessee, to Nashville town. Well, Jennings had been there. Not under his own name: he was not such a greenhorn as that. At Norfolk he had been Mr Smith, and at Nashville he called himself Captain Williams. These changes of name would have thrown me clear of the scent but for the portrait. I shewed the photograph to a negro waiter at one of the principal hotels, and, says he: 'Dat Massa Cap. Williams.' This black remembered Williams, or rather Jennings, because he had won a lot of dollars at billiards, and chucked Pompey a five-dollar piece out of his winnings. But though I heard of his destination, and made out that he had gone west to Little Rock in Arkansas state, I was less lucky when I followed him there. I was six days in Little Rock before I could hear the least word of news about him; and, as I do not want to make myself out a cleverer person than I am, nor a more knowing one, I freely own that I found myself thoroughly out in my estimate of the difficulties of my search. You see, I had heard the Yankees were very inquisitive, never at rest till they had wormed out a stranger's business; and quite true, so they are; but they forget almost as quick as they learn, seeing they have no real interest in the matter, but just ask questions because it is their habit, and talk they must. So it came about, that when, in an American city or village, I went high and low to trace out my shy customer, the work was like hunting for a needle in a haystack.

Often and often did I sigh to be in one of those nice little market-towns at home in England, where the dogs sleep all day on the pavement, and the tradesmen look at one another over the half-doors of their shops. Those are the places in which to inquire about a man in hiding. A stranger can't go into them without setting fifty tongues gossiping: house-maids cleaning door-steps, shop-boys and their masters, nurses, children, old ladies, boys and men lounging at corners, all remark the strange face. But in America, with all the curiosity of the people, so many thousand queer persons come and go, that they pass out of sight and out of memory at once; and especially

is this the case in the West and South, and a pretty source of trouble it proved to me.

Six days I wasted in Little Rock, and then, after all, it was the stoker of a steam-boat from whom I gleaned fresh news. This man had come up from the river-side to see his sweetheart, and he reported Jennings to be living under his own name at Memphis in the Columbian Hotel. I suppose the rascal thought, after taking so many aliases, his own name was as safe as another for a bit. However, quick as I was in hurrying to Memphis, I found that Mr Jennings was gone; indeed, the landlord had forgotten his personal appearance, and could only say that he was tallish and dark, which he was; but as for his being the original of the portrait, that he couldn't say, nor could the waiters, though the bar-keeper was ready to swear to it. Off I went, right up the river to Cincinnati, in pursuit of that Mr Jennings. At Cincinnati, I lost him again, then saw his name accidentally in the books of a steam-boat office; went after him to Chicago, and then to Buffalo, and then to London, Canada West; and the end of my wild-goose chase was, that just as I felt secure of victory, I came up with this Mr Jennings, but he was not *my* Jennings. He turned out to be a corn-dealer, an honest townsman of London, Canada West, two inches taller than the absconded cashier, and no more like him than I was. Here was a blow to my hopes. I was fairly at my wits' end. I had to draw for money too, and had nothing to shew for what I had spent, but the fact of my having travelled over an immensity of land and water. I declare I could have cried with vexation, as I turned from the corn-dealer's door. Nor was my sorrow, I do assure you, all selfish. Of course, I knew my reputation was at stake, and my promotion to an inspectorship too; but that was not all: we detectives have a real pride and pleasure in being, in a sense, the protectors and helpers of the honest part of the community, and I hate a rogue to get off scot-free—it does so encourage other rogues.

At New Orleans, I found a letter from the superintendent, bidding me keep a good heart, and never slacken my endeavours; for the joint-stock company that had been defrauded were most anxious and resolute to spend anything to effect the arrest of their treacherous servant. It was not merely out of revenge, nor yet for the nineteen thousand pounds, though that is a vast of money; but there were papers among those he had gone off with that had been merely deposited with the bank, title-deeds of estates, vouchers, and what not, and no cost was too great to get them back. The superintendent would send another officer to help me, if I chose. I didn't choose. After all this baffling and winding, thought I, I will run my fox to earth, if I grow gray in searching for him. If he's in America, I'll find him. Indeed, I tried very hard to do so. I spent months in the chase, and to recount all my wanderings would be tedious. Here I got a clue, and I followed it for a time, and then it broke short off. And at another place I would get a fancied inkling of my man's whereabouts, and find out somebody who was evidently in hiding, and get within arm's-length of the person, and find him a suspicious-eyed, slinking stranger. Bless you! Jennings was not the only rogue hiding himself in the South. And now New Orleans, which had been deserted ever since summer brought the yellow fever, began to be full to overflowing. I went there, now that the healthy cold wind—the norther, as they call it—had taken to blowing, and that people were crowding in for their winter's gaiety. I had a notion Jennings might be there; there were so many as bad as he, and worse, and I knew New Orleans attracted all the scamps of the country; but though I believe I went into every bar and billiard-room, and café and gambling-house in that profligate city, never a glimpse of Jennings could I get. He had been a wild

fellow in England—on the sly, of course; for he was a finished hypocrite, and his masters had thought such a pious, modest, industrious young man didn't live as their model cashier. This was why I looked for him in the haunts of gay folks. But I did not see him, could not hear of him, and began to despair. I was at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, by mere accident. I had been up to St Louis in consequence of quite false information, and, on my return from that idle errand, the boat had run aground two miles above Vicksburg. Nobody was the worse except for the delay, and we all had to sleep at that place as best we might. Knowing the tastes of Jennings, I always went to flash first-chop hotels, as the likeliest wherein to hear of him; but on this day I found the chief establishments crowded, and went to a decayed, second-rate hotel, kept by a snuffy old French creole. It was evening, and though the Americans called it cool, I found it warm enough to make it pleasant to sit by an open window in the big dining-saloon, where I could enjoy my brandy-cobler and cigar in peace.

Most luckily, there was a big screen of stamped and gilded Spanish leather which cut my slice of the room off from the rest, and shut me up as completely as if I had been in a box of one of our own old taverns in the city of London. I had got but half-way through my glass of delicious iced beverage—and why they are not as common at home I do not know—when in came two young men, and sat down at a distant table, and called for refreshments, which the black waiter brought them. I took a peep at them through a crack in the screen. I had never seen them before. By what they said, I guessed them to be overseers of plantations somewhere up the country; or one might have been an overseer, and the other a book-keeper. Believing themselves to be alone, they began to talk very freely. They talked of New Orleans, and gambling, and duels, and conquests over the fair sex, and the like profitable discourse, and then of negroes, crops, and cotton, till I nearly dropped asleep. And yet I listened. You see I made it my duty to listen, for, who knows! queer things do come out sometimes. At last one young fellow began to rally the other about his being 'smitten' with a certain Miss Linwood, the daughter of a planter, which the other laughingly denied. 'Kate Linwood is pretty enough,' said he; 'but if little Kitty cares for anybody, it's for Hervey Vaughan.'

'What! that naval fellow—second-lieutenant of the *Vesputus* frigate, ain't he?' yawned the other.

'Yes,' said the overseer. 'A good-looking chap enough, and no nonsense about him; but he'll find himself cut out when he returns from his cruise. Old Linwood swears his daughter shall take that new overseer of his, for better for worse, though the girl hates the skunk; and quite right too.'

'Is that the fellow,' asked the other, 'that Linwood hired when Bill Brown cut the place?'

'The identical individual,' was the answer. 'He's flush of the rhino, it seems, and has lent old Linwood no end of dollars on mortgage. A precious ass he must be, for the Lesmoines plantation is worn out, and every nigger worth a cent has been sold at New Orleans. But perhaps the scamp did it to buy pretty Kate.'

'What's his name? A Canadian, ain't he?'

'He says his name's Duff, and he hails from Canada; but, to my mind, he has the cut of a Britisher born—a dark, slim chap, that shews his teeth, when he smiles, in the funniest way possible, just like a dog grinning.'

'By Jove,' thought I, 'that's my man!'

Of the importance of my recent discovery, I had very little doubt. To be sure, it might turn out to be moonshine, like the story of the Canada corn-dealer, who had led me such a dance through the north-west, but

I felt pretty sure that this Duff, this rich overseer, was no other than the runaway cashier. And very sharp of Jennings too, very sharp and clever; to adopt a regular calling, and a calling so popular in the South as that of overseer, was a stroke of which a great many poor rogues would have been incapable. But to get a hold on his insolvent employer, marry the daughter of the house, and become a landholder in due time, allied to a respectable family—that was about the most prudent thing he could have done. How could he guess I should ever be sitting in the hotel at Vicksburg, listening to the talk of those two lads? It was by mere accident the boat grounded, by mere accident that the other houses were full, and yet see how it checkmated all his excellent precautions!

When the young men were gone, I slipped out, and made inquiries, in a guarded way, about the Lesmoines plantation and Mr Linwood. First, one couldn't tell me; then, another thought the estate was down-stream a hundred miles; next, I was roundly asked what I wanted to know for, and whether I was a tarnation thief of an abolition spy, wanting to steal away niggers. But I pretended I was travelling for a Manchester house, and had some book-debts to look up. I heard, at length, that Lesmoines property lay back a little distance from the river, hard by a town called Princeton, which is built on the bank of the stream, just at the angle where three states meet. Those three states are Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas. I daresay it pleased Jennings all the better on that account, increasing as it did the chances of escape.

I lost no time in going up to Princeton, and there I put up at a little boarding-house kept by a Swiss, and where foreigners mostly lodged. Hitherto, I had been travelling in the printed calico line, but now I had to sing a different song. Having partly served my time as a locksmith and bellhanger, in my native place, years before I entered the force, I took up the trade again. I bought a basketful of tools at Vicksburg, second-hand, except one or two chisels, because it would never do to have everything bran new and bright, as if I were a sham-smith. A little oil and charcoal-dust on my hands and clothes, and I really made up the character very fairly, though my old master would have stared to see me in a shabby suit of black, with a swallow-tailed coat, cut for evening wear, and a black stock, but that is American fashion. I gave myself out for an English workman, seeking employment, and who had been a twelvemonth at New Orleans. To pass myself off for a Yankee I knew to be hopeless; in fact, I had tried it, and could not imitate the twang so as to impose upon those who were born to it. Besides, I was a deal too sturdy and round-faced, and not tall enough, for any one to imagine me a New Englander, much less a southern man. So I just took the character I have spoken of, and which secured me from suspicion. I was not silly enough to begin chattering, directly, about Lesmoines plantation and the affairs of its proprietor. But I heard Mr Linwood canvassed more than once in conversations I listened to, and the general opinion was, that he was a ruined man. But what I heard about Miss Katherine, his daughter, interested me a good deal. There were no two voices about her; every one said she was good and pretty, and going to be sold to the new overseer, who had got such influence over her weak father; and folks swore it was a shame. She had been, as I understood, regularly engaged to Lieutenant Hervey Vaughan, of the United States navy; and he was absent in the full faith that she was true to him, and that when he came back a first-lieutenant, they should be married. But the poor young officer was likely to find the girl he loved the wife of another man; for Duff or Jennings could twist old Linwood round his finger. He had lent the planter money—a most unusual thing for an overseer to do—but people guessed he had got the cash by some speculation or gambling hazard. The land of Lesmoines was good,

but mostly exhausted; there was plenty of virgin ground yet that grew nothing but weeds and wild-cane, but there were no hands to break it up; and why? Because old Linwood, a self-indulgent, careless person, with a taste for cards and claret, had gradually sold off all his best slaves to pay debts of honour and pressing bills, and could hardly get on at all. In this reckless, ruinous course, he had been encouraged by his two last overseers, who had lined their pockets with their share of the purchase-money, having been commissioned to manage the sale of the field-hands at New Orleans city. Everybody said that Duff was playing a still bolder game, since, by marrying his master's only child, he was sure to be owner of Lesmoines one day; and a vigorous owner might restore the property to its original value. All people agreed that Kate Linwood detested Duff, and loved the absent lieutenant, but that her father, who was a violent man, for all his easy ways about money, had terrified her into a reluctant consent.

It took me a fortnight, or more, to make out even this confirmation of the news I had picked up at Vicksburg; and, sharp as my watch was, I never could get a glimpse of the designing overseer. He never came into town at all. He had friends in Princeton, or perhaps I should say associates, who now and then rode out to Lesmoines; but for a month or more he had not been seen in the place. I could guess why. He had his suit to press and his influence to keep up. At last I heard that a day had been actually fixed for the wedding. Impatience is a poor quality in most vocations, but it is fatal to the usefulness of a police-officer. Still, I got impatient. I strolled to the boundary of Lesmoines estate twice over, and I was almost tempted to talk to the poor old negroes that were hoeing or rail-mending, but I luckily let them alone; I say luckily, because a Britisher, even a plain workman, cannot speak to a black field-hand without drawing on himself suspicion and ill-will. But just as I was getting weary of waiting, and ready to run some risk, chance stood my friend. Into the town came riding, on a tall bay horse, a dark, slim, well-looking chap, genteelly dressed, and wearing a Panama straw-hat for the sun. I was in the verandah of the boarding-house smoking, but directly I clapped eyes on the horseman, a sort of flutter ran through me, and I felt as nervous as a young girl when she sees her sweetheart coming towards the house in his Sunday clothes. Down I went into the garden, among the thick magnolia and coffee bushes, and peeped out through the branches that screened me nicely. The man rode close by the palings; I whipped out the photograph from the inner pocket where I kept it, opened the case, and compared the portrait with the rider. Yes, it was Duff, *alias* Jennings: I was sure it was; and yet he was so much browner and older-looking, I half doubted, and the Panama hat made a difference. I slipped out, and followed. He rode about town, first to the saddler's, for a whip-lash, and to talk about a set of new girths; then to a general store, to order matters for the negroes—Osnaburg cloth, bacon, and so forth; and next he went to the tailor's. Off he got, tied up his horse to one of the white wooden pillars of the piazza, and went in. I guess he was ordering his wedding-clothes. A fine time he was about it. At last he came out, adjusting his gloves—he was a desperate dandy—and took hold of the reins of his horse, untied the knot in them, and leisurely mounted. As he did so, something tickled his fancy, and he smiled, a very peculiar dog-smile, that curled up his lips and shewed his teeth queerly. Often had I heard of that look in Jennings, and my heart leaped, for I knew then for certain he was the right man. He never observed me, but rode to a few more stores, and I lounged after him, with my hands in my pockets, and a careless saunter. It was a funny thing, the absconded cashier of the — Bank riding like a lord through Princeton streets, and myself strolling after

him, with my face as stupid as a young yokel's at a fair. By and by, I saw him riding up to the very boarding-house where I lodged, and I drew near too, and out came the landlord, and talked to him. The landlord spies me out, and holloes and beckons, and up I sauntered.

'Glad I've found you, Banks,' says the Swiss; 'you'd have lost a job else, for here's a gentleman inquiring for a locksmith.'

You must know there were only two locksmiths in town, a German and me. The German was a sad drunkard, in liquor half the week, and just then I knew he could not have held his head up, if the president had wanted him. I was therefore hardly surprised; but it being Jennings that required my services, I was more pleased than I chose to shew.

Jennings looked at me with a sort of supercilious, haughty air. He had caught up the feeling of contempt with which 'mean whites' are regarded in the South. 'Ah, you're a locksmith, my man?' says he, cutting at the coffee-bushes with his long-lashed whip.

Now, if I had been passing for a Yankee, I'd have given my reply as saucily as the question was asked, but being known for an Englishman, I put up a forefinger to my hat, and answered: 'Yes, sir; can I do anything for you?' quite civil.

'You're a Britisher, I calculate,' says Jennings, affecting to talk through his nose, and looking very keenly at me the while—he had his own reasons for mistrusting a countryman.

I answered the truth, I was a Briton, and I'd come out to follow my trade, and was ready for a job.

So Jennings told me to come up that afternoon to Lesmoines, where there was plenty to do. There was a cellaret key to make, and doors and cupboards to look to, and the store-room lock to file and oil, and a lot more. 'And,' says Jennings, as he wheeled his horse to ride off, 'I had nearly forgot: Miss Kate wants a new lock to her desk, or bureau, or something; so be sure you attend first to that. Always give ladies the preference!' And I quite hated him for the odious smirk on his face as he nodded and went away.

Be sure I went up to the house quite punctual, though the walk was long, and the sun hot enough to raise blisters on my face as I trudged along, for all it was the cold time of year. I chucked to myself as I went, thinking how little Jennings knew who it was he'd called in. But I had only come to the beginning of my task, and the battle was not won yet. To collar Jennings, and walk him off, may seem a simple operation enough, but in the South that's a dangerous game. He had but to bawl for help, and call me an abolitionist, or talk about the hospitality of the states, and twenty rowdies would take up his quarrel. My work was not quite such plain sailing. As I went through the estate, I saw none but old feeble men and women, or quite raw boys and girls, at work; the fences were all to pieces, the cattle strayed where they liked, corn and cotton were choked with weeds, and the brushwood sprouted where it pleased. Everything was going to rack and ruin, and the road had ruts in it to bury a wagon-wheel. But there was a creek of deep water from the river, running up to very near the house, and a mouldering wharf where they used to ship the cotton. The house was a fine big one, Spanish style, with flat roof and shady verandahs, and a garden in better order than I expected. But the paint was peeled off, the wood was all cracked and warped with the sun, and half the windows had lost their glass panes. The hall-door was ajar, but when I knocked, out came an old crippled negro, and three or four barking spaniels. I was expected, for the old black man grinned, and let me in.

The house was almost as ramshackle and out of order inside as out—paint and paper all very old and ragged, and the furniture costly, but uncommonly old

and moth-eaten. I saw old Mr Linwood in the room where I had the cellaret lock to take off—a portly, big-boned man of sixty, with a face I thought foolish, rather than bad or cruel. He was lounging in a rocking-chair, with a yellow silk handkerchief tied round his head. He bade me, with many oaths, be sure and make a good key, and be quick, for those darned nigger robbers drank his wine as fast as he opened it. He got very excited in telling me this, and then dropped back quite languid again. He was dressed in nankins, as many planters are thereabouts, and may have been a good-looking gentleman when younger, but he was none the handsomer for years of self-indulgence. There were pictures on the walls of the room—one of them I took for the deceased Mrs Linwood. Poor lady, it's no wonder her eyes had that sad look, with such a home and husband. Presently, I was called by an old negress, who said Missy Kate was asking for me. In ascending the stairs, which were wide enough for a coach and six, with tremendous balustrades of solid Honduras mahogany, carved into grapes and leaves, I got a peep out of a window, and saw a small house in a garden, with stable and paddock, and beyond it, a row of huts. Said I to the old grinning negress who was leading me, and who chattered and made faces like a great baboon, 'Who lives there?' And she answered, 'Massa busha live dar.' I guessed she meant the overseer when she said that; but I did not know then that 'busha' meant overseer in the language of the African-born blacks, till a gentleman told me so on the homeward passage. So that was Jennings's house. I found the young lady in a sort of morning room, leading into her bedchamber, and where her books, and pictures of her own doing in water-colours, and other gimcracks were. I thought as she was shewing me the desk, the lock of which was injured, that I had seldom seen such a sweet pretty girl before as this planter's child. Very young, perhaps nineteen, perhaps less, with dark hair and blue eyes, like her mother's, and a delicate complexion, she was a gentle-eyed, modest darling, any father might have been proud of. But she had rather a scared look, and a dark circle under her eyes, as if she had been crying her little heart out. With all that, she did not look silly, nor yet a coward. I should say she gave in to her father out of duty, somehow, but she looked far from happy. The old negress lingered a long time, but at last, to my great joy, she went away. I lost no time; but still bending over the desk, with my screw-driver in my hand, I begged the young lady not to be frightened, to believe me to be a friend to her, and an enemy to the man who was persecuting her with his selfish love, and, in short, I told her the whole story—Jennings's real name, and the whole state of the case. She bore it very well; she didn't scream, nor yet flop down in a faint. At first, she was rather angry, thinking me an impertinent meddler, but presently she got quite interested. And when I finished, if she didn't take hold of my broad grimy hand in her own pretty white one, and wanted to kiss it, and called me her preserver! I never was so ashamed in my life. 'Miss,' says I, 'I'm only doing my duty. But I do assure you that since I've heard this shameful story of the cheat put on your good father and yourself, and since I've had the pleasure of seeing you, I would take that Jennings, if all the scamps in Princeton were to help him. I'm not in the habit of making speeches, but that's the truth.' But the young lady, bless her kind heart, was wiser than me for the time, and would not hear of anything rash. So we cast about for a way of setting things square, I all the time pretending to be hard at work on the desk, and speaking low, for fear of some of the black servants, who are more inquisitive than white ones even, being within ear-shot. At last Miss Linwood exclaimed, with quite a light of joy on her face: 'I forgot; how stupid!

Hervy can help us, now he is come back!' And then she blushed like a rose, for no doubt she thought I had never heard of Lieutenant Hervy Vaughan at all, but I quickly reassured her on that point. And right glad was I to hear that the *Vesputius* was lying in the roads, below New Orleans, and that Miss Kate had received a note from her lover that very morning.

After some consultation, we agreed that I should send a telegram to the lieutenant from Princeton, summoning him on special business connected with Miss Linwood's safety and happiness; and, to make sure of his believing me, I was to use a special phrase, no matter what it was now, which was a kind of freemasonry between the lovers. 'There would not be time for a letter,' said the poor girl, trembling as the thought crossed her, and I knew why. Thanks to old Linwood's violence and authority, the day for her hateful marriage with Jennings was fixed. Well, I finished my work about the house, to avert suspicion, and then away I went. In the avenue, I met Jennings on horseback. He nodded to me, and I gave him as respectful a salute as I would to the lord mayor of London. I sent off the message, the minute the office opened in the morning. It was quite night before I got a return-message to say all was well, and Lieutenant Vaughan had leave of absence, and was on his way. Late in the afternoon of next day, he arrived, and luckily he had had the sense to bring a couple of sailors from the *Vesputius*, picked men, with him. He did not know what was the matter, but he knew southern ways, and that the help of two resolute fellows was valuable. A fine dashing fellow was the lieutenant, quite the gentleman, and as bold as a lion. We had a long talk—a council of war, he called it. He was too hot at first; I had to preach at him a long time, but Miss Kate's name was enough to make him prudent, and he let me settle matters. We sent up a note to let Miss Linwood know; the young gentleman wrote it, and I got a black boy to carry it, putting a key inside, to make-believe it was about locks. Then, at eight in the evening, we went up the creek to the wharf of Lesmoines, in a boat hired at Princeton, and rowed by the two men-of-war's men. We landed quietly, and the young officer—he was just made first-lieutenant—and I made our way to the overseer's house. There were lights burning. I knocked at the door; the lieutenant hid himself behind a tree. A half-naked negro lad opened the door. I said I was come to speak to Mr Duff, and he ushered me in, the lieutenant following on tiptoe. In the parlour was Jennings, sitting at a table, on which were a bottle of spirits, a glass, a cigar-case, and a gun, for he had been shooting wild-ducks. I picked up the gun, took off the caps, and threw them away. He looked on, gasping with astonishment.

'Curse you, you scoundrel; you are drunk!' he cried.

I quietly pulled out my little staff with the brass crown, and took him by the collar.

'Caleb Jennings,' says I, 'you are my prisoner, in the name of her Majesty Queen Victoria. If you want to see the warrant, you can, but you'd best come quietly.'

He looked at me a moment, and then sprang up with a horrible curse, and pulled out a bowie-knife to stab me. But I wrestled with him, and Lieutenant Vaughan gave him such a blow on the wrist as sent the knife spinning across the room. In a second more, I had the handcuffs on his arms; snap! they went, with the most satisfactory sound I ever heard. His negro servants must have hated him, for they gave no alarm, though he bawled like a bull. We had to gag him, ay, and to tie his legs, and carry him, bound like a calf, to the boat. The sailors gave way with a will, and pulled down the creek. Just as we were rounding the point, a handkerchief waved, and a clear, sweet voice called to us. It was Miss Kate, on her pony, with the black

boy who had saddled it standing near, and rolling his eyes at the spectacle of the overseer tied neck and heels at the bottom of the boat, and visible enough in the bright moonlight. Lieutenant Vaughan bade the sailors pull in to the bank, and he jumped ashore, and talked for a time to Miss Kate, all in whispers, and she bent her pretty head till her dark hair almost touched the young man's bronzed cheek—quite a picture to see. But Jennings writhed as if the sight tortured him. Miss Kate gave me her white hand as I stood up in the boat, and thanked and bade me good-bye very kindly. The lieutenant sprang on board again, and off we went, Miss Kate waving her handkerchief to the last. At Princeton, Lieutenant Vaughan proved worth a gold-mine. He got a warrant, and a states-marshal to execute it. Bless you, the judge and sheriff wouldn't have minded me, but a states-officer was different. He and his men helped to guard Jennings all the way to New Orleans, where I took berth on board an English vessel bound homewards. We got home safe. Jennings was convicted at the Central Criminal Court, and got a long term of penal servitude; and quite right too. I became inspector; and only the other day a kind letter from Lieutenant Vaughan announced that he was married to Miss Kate, had left the navy, and that old Mr Linwood had given up the management of Lesmoines to the young couple. I hope they'll do well there.

A SURVEY OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

Does the history of the human race testify on the whole to a forward or a backward march? Has the law of man's development been one of progress or retrogression? Has he advanced by gradual steps from the lowest to perpetually higher forms of civilisation? or has he sunk and deteriorated by degrees from an originally perfect standard of light, virtue, and well-being? Was the outset of his career from the highest or the lowest point of departure? In a word, was the perfect or ideal state of man that of his primeval origin, or is it to be that of his future, ultimate, and as yet undeveloped powers? On these questions are based, we need scarcely say, two opposing systems of philosophy. Here are the two contending poles between which social and historical belief have for ages oscillated, and seem likely still to oscillate. In these later times, the current of sentiment and belief has set undeniably towards the pole of hope, and aspiration, and prospective improvement—the pole of *progress*. For this the world feels an affinity on its youthful, warm, and sanguine side. In its older mood of caution, experience, and retrospection, it has bowed regretfully to the idea of *retrogression* or decline. Homer made melancholy music of the decay already visible in his age in valour, strength, and virtue, since the grand old days of demigods and heroes. Every school-boy has learned the legend of the Metamorphoses, that sang the decline of man and nature from the day of golden prime, when the earth, fresh and unpolluted, basked under Saturnian skies—when peace, and purity, and order reigned supreme, ere yet the poison of degeneracy, physical and moral, had begun to work in the veins of man.

The Golden Age was first; when man yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew,
And with a native bent, did good pursue.

Till swift-sinking by successive falls from Silver
to Brass—

Hard Steel succeeded then,
And stubborn as the metal were the men.

Truth, modesty, and shame the world forsook,
Fraud, avarice, and force their places took.

Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns,
And Justice, here oppressed, to heaven returns.

Not only the strains of the poets, but the sacred oracles of Scripture were wont to be invoked in testimony to man's degeneracy, and in protestation against the innovating heresy of man's upward progress from a savage to a civilised state. But the spells of poetry have gradually dissolved under the rays of historical and scientific truth, and it is becoming more and more evident that in prejudging the cause of progress by reference to the inspired volume, too much reliance had rested on those conventional and arbitrary notions with which the poetical glosses of Milton and his contemporaries had supplemented in the popular theology the strict language of holy writ. At the present moment, we may certainly pronounce the contest is virtually decided. Progress is king; and not a philosopher or *littérateur*, great or small, but aspires to be minister or interpreter to the reigning deity. Among the multitudes who lay claim to such distinction, we single out a northern philanthropist and sage, Dr Neil Arnott, author of the well-known but incomplete *Elements of Physics*. Within the compass of a moderate volume* of less than two hundred pages, our philosopher has contrived to set forth and exemplify, in a very complete and compendious form, the leading outlines of the philosophy of progress, and indicated the laws of its perpetual influence over society. Approaching the subject of anthropology, or the natural history of man, from its matter-of-fact or positive side, he seeks evidences of the primitive condition of the race, not in the phantasms of mythology or the rhapsodies of metaphysics, but in the footmarks of mankind upon the surface of the world and in the path of history, no less than in the facts which a personal study of the genus yields to the contemporary eye of the physiologist and the biologist.

'Past history,' he begins by saying, 'records that the human race, unlike the lower animals, whose condition has remained as unchanged, since man first observed them, as that of the trees among which they live, has gradually but greatly advanced from the low state called that of the savage to various degrees of civilisation.' He forbears to hazard any speculation as to the approximate period during which the process of intellectual and moral elevation has been in progress—unlike the late brilliant, but adventurous theorist, Bunsen, whose draft of 20,000 years upon the chronology of the world still remains to be honoured by the consensus of scientific men at large—neither does he pretend to define the precise grade of savageness or animality which may be conceived as the normal condition of our first progenitors. He even passes over those indications of man's presence, prior to all written or oral tradition, which exist in his knives and lance-heads of flint, newly discovered in beds of alluvial drift. He is content to take up the chain of proof where man's own record of his species begins to speak, and his habits and mode of life are paralleled, in the main, by what is to be seen and heard of among existing tribes of men. Low, indeed, is the condition of not a few of our contemporaries, and great must be the stride ere their foot reaches the first round of the ladder of

* *A Survey of Human Progress from the Savage State to the Highest Civilisation yet attained, &c.* By Neil Arnott, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Longman & Co. 1861.

progressive civilisation. Witness Dr Arnott's note on the Fuegians of Wollaston Island, as extracted from the journal of Captain Fitzroy of the *Beagle*. Some of these wretches boast a few square inches of otter-skin laced across the breast, and shifted, according as the wind blows, from side to side. Many lack even this miserable pretension to human apparel, and sleep, naked, in groups of five or six, coiled up like animals, on the wet ground. Verily, a lesson from our new acquaintance, the nest-building ape, would throw in here a spark of progress. Shell-fish and whale-blubber form their familiar diet, but when pressed in winter by hunger, before killing their dogs, they kill and devour their old women. A boy, questioned by the missionary, Mr Low, evinced, by his answer, his degree of progress above the brutes: 'Doggies catch others, old women no can!' The selfish, theory of morals—we congratulate the shade of the late Archdeacon Paley—clearly forms the lowest or fundamental step in the scale of human progress. Of the same cast are the Dokos, south-west of Abyssinia, if Dr Latham's report be well founded, that they live promiscuously in trees, wear nothing but a snake-skin necklace, feast on the most loathsome vermin, recognise no rank or social order: 'Nobody orders, nobody obeys, nobody defends the country, nobody cares for the welfare of the nation.' Their only invocation of the Supreme Being is said to be: 'If you do exist, why do you suffer us to die, who do not ask for food or clothes, and who live on snakes, ants, and mice?'

Well, we are glad to pass on to the dawning among our primitive savages of what our author truly calls a great art, the cumulative result of many separate arts; that art, namely, 'by which people, however numerous, are led to live together with mutual help or co-operation, as a friendly brotherhood, instead of being like wild beasts and savages, almost always at war among themselves. By this crowning art, called that of civilisation, a country which in its original or uncultivated state could scarcely furnish the coarsest means of subsistence to a small number of savages scattered over it, is caused to produce for at least a hundred times as many civilised people, not only unfailing abundance of the prime necessities of life, but also innumerable comforts and conveniences, and new sources of enjoyment, of which the savage man forms no conception. This civilisation advances by steps or methods intermingled, but of which the principal may be studied separately, under the following five heads:

'1. *Division of labour* or employment, which soon leads to the invention of tools or machinery, and of means of employing in man's service the strength not only of inferior animals, but also of the inanimate forces of nature, as of wind, water-falls, steam, &c.

'2. *Commerce* or exchanges, by which the increasing products of labour are duly distributed among the people, through the intervention of markets, money, wages, &c.

'3. *Population* prudently regulated.

'4. *Laws and Government* to maintain justice; which means to give to every person security for life and property.

'5. Education for the young, comprising six sub-departments of knowledge and conduct—namely, 1. The language of the country, with the modes of counting and measuring in use there. 2. The geography and inhabitants. 3. The nature of health, and the means of guarding it against the hazards of climate, &c. 4. The laws and morality established in the country, breaches of which bring punishment. 5. Industrial skill in some bodily or mental labour required in the community, and by which a livelihood may be earned. 6. Theology and religion, or sound views as to man's origin and destiny.'

A very complete and exhaustive programme of the great work for which man has been created and endowed. Different parts, or sections of it, as we

know, have been, and still are, prosecuted with special aptitude or success by this or that member of the human body corporate. But to a comprehensive eye the total advance is unmistakable. One age or nation may suspend or be interrupted in its particular task; but the finished results are sure to be taken up by another, and can never be wholly lost. Thus, by a figure identical with Dr Temple's much-criticised conception of the Colossal Man—society at large—the whole human race is to be regarded 'as forming only one vast rational being, with millions of eyes and hands, and separate yet connected minds, all labouring for the common good, and with memory which never forgets what has once been known. This great compound being has evidently still the characteristics of youth, manifesting rapidly increasing vigour.'

With memory which never forgets what has once been known. At this point alone, we must confess, is there room for misgiving or apprehension, when we survey the state and prospects of society in the light of our author's amiable optimism. It may be true that as regards knowledge alone, discoveries in science, literature, or art, we possess in the invention of printing a tolerably safe and permanent guarantee for the perpetuation of whatever has once been acquired; and no more than this was possibly in the writer's contemplation when he penned the words. But the whole theory requires, more especially since knowledge is itself but a means (though in his scheme the most potent) towards the end of moral advancement, to be brought face to face with the question, Is progress certain to continue? Is there no fear of a reaction, or apostasy, or shipwreck of society through disruption at home or violence abroad? Is the catastrophe that befell in succession the older fabrics of civilisation, in intellect, in art, in organisation, rivalling, and oftentimes outstripping ourselves, at no period likely to overtake the modern world? Dr Arnott appears too far satisfied with his momentary survey, to dwell upon so adverse a contingency; too much absorbed in reviving and remodelling (as he does at length in his appendix of additional notes), Franklin's utopian scheme of the true art and science of happiness, to dream that, if attained, such happiness can yet be fleeting. We may, however, on a twofold consideration, feel hopeful that the stone of civilisation, so painfully rolled uphill, through so many cycles of national change, no longer threatens to recoil, as in the case of the Egyptian or Persian, or Greek or Roman experiments. In the first place, our exhaustive survey of the world's map discloses to us no *residuum* of brutal, untried, barbarous force, calculated, like the Huns or Goths of old, to sweep away in wild resistless flood every landmark of past progress. The educated, and disciplined, and armed, have no longer ought to fear from the savage unskilled races. Nor are there wanting, in the second place, distinctive elements in the highly organised and well-balanced mechanism of existing society, which tend to exclude the possibility of its breaking down, either by any internal or casual clashing of its parts, or any permanent debilitating of its impelling forces. The harmony of individual with public order under constitutional forms, the consequent support of the supreme power by every well-disposed and orderly citizen, the emancipation of trade, and resulting brotherhood among alien nations, the diffusion of social science, and general perception of the family relations which uphold God's universe, as designed to exemplify his own attributes of unity, goodness, and truth—laws the certainty and value of which are being daily more conspicuously brought to proof, and the neglect of which is ever more plainly seen to have drawn down its inevitable penalties, and been the cause of man's greatest crimes, disasters, and woes—these, we believe, will infuse vitality into the current

of progress, give it a persistence hitherto unknown, and open to the human race a future, compared with which the past and the present shall be but as the twilight that precedes the dawn.

MELIBŒUS FINDS EVERYBODY 'OUT OF TOWN.'

'MELIBŒUS,' said I, beholding my friend return one evening, after a dispute with his cabman—an incident quite unparalleled in his previous existence—'where have you been, and what is the matter? I have been sitting up for you these two hours; but that is nothing. I am most concerned at your vexed appearance. I hope you have not had your pocket picked.'

'I have though,' returned Melibœus sententially.

'You have not at all events, I trust, lost your temper, Mel—' He interrupted me with a burst of reassuring laughter; and we shook each other by the hand.

'No,' said he, 'not quite that, indeed; but I have had a dreadful day of it.'

'A day and half a night, Melibœus. We waited dinner for you till the ice melted in its blanket. You did not find many of your friends at home, I suppose. Come, confess that what I told you of the London August is not a fable.'

'It is a horrid truth,' returned my friend with much solemnity. 'I could not, without this sad experience, have believed so ill of my species. To think that people should leave this great metropolis of their own freewill! Let us begin from the beginning—from when you left me at the dentist's door to go to your den in the city. Your last words were 6:30.'

'My words were 6:30 sharp, Melibœus.'

'Spare me, spare me, my friend! When you come to know all, you will forgive me; you will drop the sympathising tear. When you left me at the dentist's, my toothache was almost unbearable. You remember how I rolled about in the Tram Railway, and terrified that woman and child who sat opposite to us. I was glad I was in pain, because it gave me fortitude for the coming interview with Mr Wrencher. Generally speaking, the very sight of that gentleman's door-plate has a tranquillising effect upon my nerves, and I go away again without calling; but, upon this occasion, I could have borne anything. I could have sat still and had this grinder filed—oh no, it isn't out yet, very far from it—I say I could have borne its being even filed with a sort of savage scorn. One cannot help believing that the tooth itself, in common, at least, with every fibre of one's frame, suffers something under such an operation; and that reflection is very comfortable. I rang the bell with a tug, that reminded me of one of Mr Wrencher's own performances.'

'I want to see your master,' said I, hurrying past the servant; 'I must see him immediately—at once—don't stand staring there, sir, like a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' (For nothing is so effective with the lower orders as a metaphor they don't understand.)

'Master ain't within, sir.'

'Fetch him, then,' cried I; 'run and fetch him; and I'll mind the door.'

'I believe that man would have grinned if he had dared, as he replied: "Master's at the Hiale of Man, sir, and won't be back till the second week in Hoctober. Take a little myrrh, sir, do."

'I gave the man half-a-crown, and he fetched me some myrrh out of his master's room, and some brandy, and some laudanum, and several other mitigating agents, and after taking a little of each, I felt a good deal better. As the whole day was before me, and I knew you did not wish to be disturbed in the city, I determined upon looking up some old

friends in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, where people are always glad to see one; where they shut up their calf-bound books with a solemn wink and make-believe to their clerks (who are not in the least deceived) that one is a client—until the door closes. When London is "empty," it has still, I have heard, more than two millions of people within its fiery walls, and I suppose these are to be found if one knew where to look for them. But they were not in Oxford Street to-day, my friend, nor yet in Regent Street. The most determined suicide could scarcely have got run over to-day in crossing the Circus, and if he did, he must have been content to have it done by an omnibus; of private carriages there was but one within sight, and that was only a doctor's—a class one may always know by their sitting so very well forward, in order to be seen of men, and by the life-and-death velocity of their jobbed horses.

'Even the shop-fronts had very little in them, as though it were not worth while to be in full-dress for such few spectators. The Equilibrium Ecarté Chair, however, was in its usual place, a piece of furniture whose name has always delighted me. Ecarté being a game at which I have seen many persons lose their equilibrium, such a chair, it seems to me, must, for unfortunate players, be invaluable. The Restaurant, too, was still open, which was "established in 1841, solely to supply the public with Hoppett's celebrated ale;" surely a most benevolent and praiseworthy institution, although not so entirely gratuitous as one as its statement would appear to indicate. A few doors off, however, there was an announcement in a grocer's shop upon a scale of undoubted liberality. "Our Christmas-club season has commenced. Take what you like, and pay what you please." This institution, I trust you will allow, most thoroughly bears out my favourite assertion, that London is the cheapest place in the world to live in—especially when its Christmas-club season has commenced. The very name of Christmas was refreshing on such a day as this, when the very pavements seemed at a white heat. When the eyes in the artificial-limb establishments could scarcely look out of window without winking. When the waxen hunter upon horseback, and the waxen boys employed in athletic and fashionable amusements in the tailors' shop-fronts did visibly melt and perspire. The names over the Emporiums, too, still remained, of course, as in more populous periods, and among them I noticed my old friend Pantaenius. What could have induced this ancient Greek (or Roman?), I wonder, to try his hand at modern metropolitan traffic? I conclude it must have been the desire—exhibited by a certain sage of his own era—of proving that a philosopher, if he only takes the trouble, may make his money and manage business matters, as well as a mere tradesman. Moreover, I came upon a door-plate which advertised me of a new profession, or at least of one which had never before come under my notice.

MR CHOLMONDELEY PERCY CHERITON-JONES, PROFESSIONAL CALLER.

For three guineas *per annum*, declared a neighbouring advertisement in a chaste frame, this distinguished gentleman would "do" all your calls for you, though your visiting-list were as long as the Atlantic cable. The cards were guaranteed to be delivered out of a genteel brougham, the driver of which would have a crest upon his livery buttons. Acknowledgment-cards—that is, the pasteboards which are dropped into hall-doors after a dinner-party—were warranted to be left within the limit of time permitted by the very best circles. It was well known, added the advertisement, that cards could not be sent by post, or delivered by the hands of female servants. Hence, to persons of moderate means, or of much occupation, the above proposition would offer peculiar advantages. If I indeed were a Londoner, I would

pay Mr Cheriton-Jones his three guineas a year, and be truly thankful. Another gentleman was reading these announcements with an admiration scarcely inferior to my own.

"Rummy folks them swells!" remarked he, in allusion to the exigencies of fashion; and I am sure I entirely agreed with him; only, as he wore an immense pasteboard hat, upon which was written DEATH TO FLIES, and the address of somebody who sold insect-poison, I could not help reflecting that there were other queer people in the world beside the upper ten thousand.

There was not a wheel to be heard on the east of Somerset House, for the Strand was "up" from thence to Temple Bar; nay, there were but a very few passengers on the pavement, and they all with carpet-bags in their hands, about to start by the railways out of town. A few—I suppose authorised—persons were employed, as it seemed to me, in pulling down the Temple Church, but nothing else was stirring in that legal paradise. The fountain was dry in the court; the grass was faded in the garden, wherein but one solitary nurse-maid out of place was sitting suspiciously near the river. I hurried away to Robinson's rooms for fear I should hear a splash, and be, in consequence, subpoenaed as a witness. As to jumping in after anybody into Thames water, that is scarcely to be expected of even the most chivalrous.

I generally find Robinson with his head resting upon his hands perusing a curiously written and voluminous parchment, under which, however, lies some periodical literature—not engrossed, but more engrossing—which obtains at least an equal share of his attention. In a little cupboard in an inner room he keeps a most excellent Cottenham cheese (for he is a Cantab like myself) and some very pleasant sherry. It was the hour appointed in my System (which is invariable) for the reception of Lunch, and I made haste up the three flights of stone stairs. The door was closed, and underneath was written: "Address all letters to Lytton Robinson, Esq., Malvern." I should perhaps have expressed myself in stronger terms than I did upon Robinson's absence, had not I remembered Smith—dear Smith—in the next court, so justly famous for his mid-day pigeon-pies. He was not a man to be gadding down into the country—doubtless upon some "spooning" expedition; for who that is in good health would wish to go to Malvern, unless there was some Beloved Object to throw anything but cold water upon him there. No, Smith was a confirmed bachelor, I knew. The only thing against Smith is, that his chambers lie underground in a sort of catacomb; and it is rather hard to feel one's way to them in the dark. However, I did so (to the complete ruin of a new pair of lavender gloves), and at length hit upon his particular tomb. Alas, the sepulchre was completely closed, and over it was inscribed this dismal epitaph—"Out of town. In Switzerland for the long vacation," with that very day's date upon it. Underneath, however, and in a microscopic hand, I detected "Clerk back immediately." Now I knew Smith's clerk, and Smith's clerk knew me; so I determined to wait and see whether Smith had left any pigeon-pie behind him. I could have found his collar-key blindfold, if only the outer-door were opened; and oh how my parched tongue did desire his particular claret! I waited in that dismal crypt for forty minutes, and had begun to think of dropping my card into the door-alit with strictures upon the conduct of Smith's clerk upon it, when I heard footsteps approaching, and a heady voice exclaiming: "Come—you come out of that. You've been there quite long enough. I've been watching on yer. There's nobody in down there, as you very well know; and I believe you're after no good."

'My friend, that Beadle absolutely imagined that I—a magistrate of my county—was "loafin about in

the Temple" (I use his very expression) with some felonious intent.

'I did not attempt to argue with him. Exhaustion and unrequited devotion to my friends had prostrated me. I limped away, without defending myself much, to Lincoln's Inn.

The porter at the Chancery Lane gate inquired civilly of whom I came in search. "Stubbers," said I, "Old Court," and I hurried on, for I knew that Stubbers took his luncheon in the Hall, and I couldn't get in there without him.

"Gone to Spitzbergen," shouted the porter after me—"gone in a yacht with Mr Bullseye after sea-horses."

"What! Bullseye too?" cried I. "You have killed both my birds with that one stone. Mr Blinker, at least, will not be engaged upon any such ridiculous expedition."

"Mr Blinker is at Carthage, sir, exploring the ruins. No, sir; nor Mr Crackscull either; he is upon an Alpine excursion. Mr Griggs is gone special correspondent for something or another to the Southern States of America. Mr Hardup is in, sir; in, every day except Sunday; but you can only get to speak with him by private countersign. I have just seen his lunch go through the gate—kidneys and a herb omelette."

"Alas! I don't know Mr Hardup," said I, sighing deeply.

"Well, I'm sorry for that, sir," returned the porter; "he's the only one of our gents as is now in town; and he would be far enough away if he only could. Who would expect to find a gent in town in August?"

"Very true," replied I abjectly; and I bent my weary limbs towards the east.

"My editor," murmured I, "must at all events, I know, be in town; for him, thank goodness, there can be at least no holiday. I will share his handful of oatmeal, and compel him to send out for beer."

It was now an hour and a quarter beyond my usual luncheon-time, and I had had but an indifferent breakfast. Of course, I could have gone into a chop-house or a confectioner's, but I always prefer to have a companion at meal-times; and, upon this particular occasion, I was obstinate, after so many disappointments, in my resolve to get one. With toil and heat, I made my way through the deserted streets to the literary Delphi. A universal quiet reigned about that sacred spot, which is not generally the case, because it is a roaring thoroughfare. One very young gentleman represented the whole staff that was below stairs—the manager having gone to Brighton, the clerks to Herne Bay, and the porters to some still more suburban watering-place. He was employed in the active pursuit of killing flies with a paper-knife.

"Is the editor within?" said I very sternly; for my presence did not cause the youth to relax his exertions in the least.

"No—(slap)—that is—(slap)—yes—(slap, slap)."

"Which do you mean, sir? My name is Melibæus, the great writer."

"Well, you see—stop a bit; here's such a blue bottle [I was here kept in a state of anxious suspense, while the young man "stalked" his prey, for upwards of a minute, and at last, but not without a terrific onslaught, missed it]—you see he is in, and he isn't. Lor' bless you, he don't want your card. First door on the right, and up the stairs, and you can't miss him."

I took the way thus discourteously intimated. Constant association with literature had not softened the young man's manners, nor prevented them, as the Latin grammar says it will, from being ferocious. I knocked at the door of the Sanctum.

"Come in," cried a welcoming voice.

"My good man," exclaimed I, before I even got sight of the speaker, "I am starving; I am thirsty—bring forth the flowing!"

'Here I rather suddenly interrupted myself, upon finding myself in the presence of a total stranger.

"I have nothing for you, sir," returned he sternly. "I have no power to advance you any money upon account. You may be a deserving object, or you may be one of those would-be contributors against whom I was particularly warned by Mr Stylus."

"Is not Mr Stylus within then?" gasped I.

"Mr Stylus is at present at Toledo, sir, and I am acting in his place: if you have any contri—"

"I ran down stairs and out of the house before he could finish his sentence, and the first person that I ran against in the street was Bertram Oliver. I had never thought much of Oliver when we were at college together, but upon the present occasion, I clasped him to my heart as though he were my brother."

"And so you are in London," I cried, "you really are in London, are you? You and I, and one man in the city, are the only people that are left here."

"I am here," replied he, "but I can't stand it. I am going to Richmond, to have a little dinner at the Star and Garter."

"Beloved Oliver," cried I [for in the enthusiasm of the moment, I forgot *you*, my friend, and your half-past six], "as sure as my name is Melibœus, I will dine with you. Here is a Hansom; I never saw such a fine one, such a horse, or such a driver. Hi!"

"It is a very fine turn-out altogether," replied my new companion, "and we go at a great pace; but we shall have to pay for it. You have chosen the most expensive cabman in all London. It is the Peerless."

"And who is he?" asked I.

"Some people say he is a lord's son, and some a tailor's; but he is as well known to men about town as the York Column. It is useless to dispute his fare. An ordinary police magistrate would scarcely venture to do it; to get redress one must apply to the Secretary of State."

"In the mean time," said I, "and pending his little account, let us enjoy ourselves."

"Oh! happy London, with such fair places set around you, with Greenwich and with Hampton, with Highgate and with Kew, and above all, with leafy Richmond: sure never was little town so blessed as that, in the broad terrace looking down on all the glory of the earth, and in the stately park by poets loved!"

"I had suffered a good deal, my friend, hitherto, as you will allow; but when the evening came, and I had dined and well, at the great Richmond caravanserai; and while I sat before it, a cigar between my lips, with the river, and the woods and fields beneath me, and the broad harvest-moon above, I forgot all my troubles; I forgot even my broken promise to yourself; I forgot Bertram Oliver, although he sat beside me overflowing with little rills of small-talk. I should have forgotten Time itself, had it not been for the Peerless, who presently sent one of the waiters With his compliments, and were we going to stay all night, as he would in that case secure for himself some eligible apartment. He had dined, of course, at our expense, and the grand total of his entertainment was so remarkable as to induce us to inspect the items—which consisted of salmon, grouse, and iced champagne."

"Do you not think," said I, "that five-and-twenty shillings is a little over the mark for even a Hansom cabman's dinner?"

"Certainly not," returned the Peerless, with a certain frigid courtesy, "so far at least as my experience goes. The articles in question are such as I generally do dine upon. If, however, there is the least objection to settle it, I will settle it myself (and he produced a handful of silver and gold, as if to put that threat into execution); only, when gentlemen ask me to dine, I conclude that they intend to pay for the snack."

"But you're so extravagant, my good man."

"You should never promise a thing which you are

not in a position to pay for without inconvenience," returned the Peerless.

"We paid for his 'snack,'" as well as for our conveyance from town, but, late as it was, we declined to employ him in taking us back again. He had shaken my faith in cabmen, as you perceived by my wrangling with the man that brought me home just now. So we left him, in great good-humour, at the Star and Garter—where he doubtless obtained a sleeping-chamber on the first floor, with an excellent view of the river—and took our way on foot to the Roundabout Railway. Upon looking down the list of stations, we lit upon the words "Edgware Road." "How truly fortunate," thought I, "for that must be about the centre of district W, where I have already been due since half-past six." Bertram Oliver also happened to reside in the same neighbourhood."

Now, the Roundabout Railway is far from being a swift railway, but we seemed, at least by the way-bill, to be nearing our destination. I say by the way-bill, because, for all that we could tell by observation, we might have been in Central Africa.

"Why, there are no houses," exclaimed Bertram Oliver, who sat near the window; "there is nothing but moorland and wilderness."

"Look again—look again," cried I, as Fatima cried to her sister from the top of Bluebeard's tower.

"I see a lonely pond and a weeping willow," returned he sorrowfully; "and yet I do verily believe that the train is stopping here."

"Edgware Road, Edgware Road," exclaimed the guard, and the solitary echoes took up and repeated his lament. He might with an equal propriety have exclaimed: "Salisbury Plain! Salisbury Plain!"

"Can we get a cab here?" inquired we.

"A cab?" returned he with a look that questioned our sanity. "O yes, you can get a cab—at the gate."

"We should have been more comforted by this information if it had not been accompanied by a certain sardonic expression, which seemed to say, 'You might just as well look for a camelopard.' We descended a circling stair, and found ourselves in a desolate tract of country, which might be the road to Edgware, but which was certainly not the Edgware Road. Of course, there was no cab. We walked for a considerable distance, meeting nothing but a single butcher's dog—who was doubtless leaving London, like other people, for the long vacation—until we arrived at the turnpike. This was 'the gate,' and there were two cabs standing by it."

And here comes the most awful portion of my recital.

"I was expressing my thanks to my companion for having helped to make the day so pleasant, which had promised so evilly at its commencement, when I observed him change to a sort of leaden colour. He stammered out: 'Not at all, not at all; don't say one word about it, my good fellow.'"

"Well, but," urged I, "it was good of you. I was miserable—positively wretched, when you picked me up. I could find nobody in. There was nobody in all London but you, O my Bertram Oliver!"

"Ay, and he wouldn't have been there if he could have helped it," replied he gloomily.

"What mean you?" said I, for his look was getting very objectionable—"what mean you? Speak, I charge you, and cease to shake your gory locks [you remember how red that man Oliver's hair always was] at me in that fashion. How comes it that you are obliged to be in London?"

"Well, the fact is," said he, "all my people at home—and, by the by, I hope you have no silly fears about infection—all my people at home, except one, have got the small-pox; and when you met me, I had only just left them for a few hours, in order to get a little fresh air, and"—

The remainder of the sentence was lost upon me. I fled from Melibœus into my own private apartment,

locking the door behind me; and I spent the night in burning little torches of disinfectant paper, and in bathing myself in vinegar and water.

THE DANDIES.

WHILE George III. was king, a great number of remarkable events took place, not, indeed, by reason of the vigour and sapience of that monarch, but simply because he was what Mr Cobbett called 'a very long ruler.' Among the rest, the order of Dandies, to whom his august son George himself belonged, was instituted. A Dandy is now a term almost extinct, and its only signification is that of a person scrupulously careful of his personal appearance, delicate as to his boots, faultless as to his neck-tie, and immaculate in the matter of his lemon-coloured kid gloves. The Dandies of old were indeed particular in their attire, but that was but a small part of their elegant peculiarities. Beau Brummell, it is true, was one of their chiefs, but the great Duke of Wellington was himself not a little Dandified too, and much cultivated the society of Dandies. Their historian is no less a person than the late Thomas Raikes, Esq., of Grosvenor Square, whose diaries have already taught us that the 'good old times' which are said to have been so much better than our own, did not, at all events, take place at the beginning of the present century.

The dandies, says the editress of Mr Raikes's Private Correspondence, just published, swayed Society neither through the power of great rank nor great wealth; nor did either in itself admit its possessor to their freemasonry. Their fraternity was founded upon the Science of Civilised Existence, for the purpose of uniting the pleasures of intelligence with those of dissipation. 'The manners of the dandies were in themselves a charm, retained by some through infirmity and age. Their speech was pleasant, their language thorough-bred, their raillery conciliating, their satire what they intended it to be; many among them highly gifted; doing all that they did well; the less apt always to the point, letting it alone; without enthusiasm, without allusions—a school of gentlemen, liberal and open-handed; ephemeral as youth and spirits, yet marked by this endearing quality, that they remained, with few exceptions, true and loyal friends, tested through years of later adversity, and even death's oblivion.'

They seem, however, to have borne even the deaths of their friends with much equanimity, if at least they were so vulgar as to hold as friends their relatives—their uncles, for instance. 'I am told by [Lord] Alvanley,' writes one, 'that his uncle is dying of apoplexy. Drummond Burrell [the present Lord Willoughby de Eresby] has turned away his cook; but A. has begged he will keep the cook disengaged for a month, that he may have him if the event should occur.' The engagement of a cook was perhaps the one transaction of life which the Dandies treated seriously. 'I am going to ask you,' writes Lord Yarmouth, 'to undertake a most perilous adventure, one in which I hope you feel with bowels of compassion for my forlorn state. My prayer is, that you will look out, if possible, for what is called a *valet de chambre cuisinier*, a good *pâtissier* above all things, and a perfect operator, and not above casting his eye towards the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, or the coffee-manufacture. I hate a fine or a difficult gentleman, and I abhor a rogue, more from irritation even than economy. I care not whether I give him one hundred or two a year. I am looking out, so do not engage anybody till you have written to me, lest I should have twins.' This communication is signed, 'Amusez vous, and so God bless you—YARMOUTH;' which is the nearest approach to the expression of a religious feeling throughout the letters. Like Mrs Quickly, they trust that the time has not arrived when they need think of such things.

They make themselves very merry with the demise

of M. de Talleyrand, with whom one would think, of all men, they ought to have sympathised. 'Montrond is wonderful; apoplexy and gout do their worst, but cannot subdue his spirits and esprit. He killed us with laughing at his stories about M. de Talleyrand's death, which, though it deeply affected him, has still its ludicrous side; and his legacy of a standing-up desk to write at did not soften his natural inclination to be a little sarcastic. He said that when the signature to the retraction was signed, a priest declared that it was a miracle; on which he gravely said that he had known of just such another miracle—that when General Gouvins was killed, he, Montrond, with General Latour Maubourg, went to the spot where he lay, and that they asked the only person who had seen the catastrophe how it occurred. This was a hussar, who replied: "Le boulet l'a frappé, et il n'avait que juste le temps de me dire: Prenez ma bourse et ma montre; et il est mort." Nay, even when Montrond came to die, the manner in which his own familiar friend, Mr Raikes himself, narrates the circumstance, by no means conveys the notion of excessive sensitiveness. 'Having so long known his antecedents, I was naturally very curious to learn the tone of his feelings and the state of his mind at such a crisis, more particularly as I had often heard that his head was as clear and as collected as ever. Three or four days ago, when it was said to him: "Prenez bon courage, vous irez peut-être mieux; assez bien même pour sortir en voiture." He replied: "Oui, je sais bien la voiture dans laquelle je sortirai." Since this, I find, to my great surprise, that the Duc de Broglie took upon himself to *opérer son salut*, and was unceasing in his efforts to bring him to a sense of religion; as also Madame Hamella, who is become a very strict *dévote*. The same effort was made some years ago by that excellent woman the late Duchesse de Broglie, when Montrond was also in a state of extreme danger. She came and prayed by his bedside, but at that time without making the slightest effect on his mind, for he was then convinced he should recover, and by dint of his own energy. I remember very well he afterwards said to me: "J'aurais très bien pu mourir, si je l'avais voulu." Now it is said that he has shown great signs of religion and contrition: "il a été administré, et il s'est confessé trois fois." The Abbé Petipas was constantly with him, and during his first *entretien* said to him: "Vous avez sans doute dans votre temps dit beaucoup de plaisanteries contre la religion." His reply was: "Non, jamais; j'ai toujours vécu en bonne compagnie;" an expression which, though by no means true, shewed his good worldly taste. This change (for I will not call it conversion) is, however, very remarkable, particularly as we well remember that he did everything in his power to dissuade M. de Talleyrand from signing his retraction on his death-bed; and then turned it into ridicule. *Enfin*, he died yesterday in what the Catholics call *odeur de sainteté*; he desired the crucifix to be placed at his bed's head, and would not allow it to be removed. Peace to his manes!' In reply, the Duke of Wellington writes: 'I am sorry for poor Montrond, but pleased that he died a Christian.'

The most surprising things in this volume are the letters of the Great Duke. He often writes twice a week from England to Thomas Raikes, Esq., in Paris, with no apparent object whatsoever. His little notes, which begin with, 'Your letter of the 23th has interested me greatly,' 'Your letters are most valuable to me,' or, 'I am very much obliged to you for the communication of the circumstances you have mentioned,' contain absolutely nothing—nothing whatever beyond such hopes as any country gentleman might express that there would be peace and fine weather. The replies of Mr Raikes are indeed long enough, but contain quite as little—chit-chat about the state of things in Paris, and deductions

of his own about what will happen in consequence between France and England, all which turn out to be false. The Duke's own prophecies in return are equally unfortunate in their non-fulfilment, but nevertheless Mr Raikes never fails to head his communications with 'Your Grace's opinion is undeniable.' Perhaps it is but just that Statesmen, who have so much power while alive, should be subject more than any other class of people to have their reputations exploded—hoisted with their own petard—after death; and certain it is that one seldom reads the letters of a departed minister or diplomatist without being reminded of Osenstern's remark: 'With how little wisdom the world is governed!'

The political opinions of the Dandies are, as might be expected, ludicrous in the extreme. So late as 1843, we find Lord Rokely writing of 'the senseless dreams of the Anti-corn-law League;' but in 1831 the Dandies believed all was over with good society, and that, so far from engaging cooks, they might think themselves fortunate if they obtained a living in that capacity themselves. 'What a moment,' writes one, 'have our ministers selected for revolutionising the old-established constitution of the country! whilst the Jacobins of every country are moving heaven and earth to overthrow all existing governments! Surely, if it could be proved that such a step was necessary, this is not the time. But I trust that parliament will reject the measure. The democracy is already too powerful; give it additional strength, and it will overwhelm both throne and state.' The Marquis of Hertford actually fixes the general overturn at 'a year hence probably;' but he is living at Rome, and therefore not personally concerned. These patriotic gentlemen, indeed, generally prefer to spend their money abroad, and out of what they not very respectfully term 'Bulldom.' One of the epicureans writes from Naples in a strain that leads us to hope he was enjoying himself there, in spite of the darkness of the political horizon. 'Here I am quite alone, as far as English are concerned, for they are all gone, and I alone cannot tear myself away from this delightful do-nothing place. I have got to think that looking out of window at the sea, snuffing up the afternoon breeze, driving up and down the Corso at night, and then supping lightly on fish and Lacryma Christi, is the perfection of existence; and when a souvenir of more brilliant amusements, more exciting pleasures, and younger and happier days, flashes across my memory, I only heave a little very quiet sigh, drink another glass of lacryma, and relapse back into the vacancy of thought from which it had momentarily roused me.' The writer adds: 'The people of the world here are glad to see you, if you come to them, and don't care if you don't.' Such were just the people the Dandies liked, and to whom they themselves belonged. They were altogether incapable of real friendship. The greatest kindness they ever did, even for one another, was to communicate, in gossiping letters, the latest scandal, or the last 'good thing' they had chanced to hear or remember.

Scrope Davis writes from Dunkerque: 'Bob Bligh, when travelling with the Marquis of Ely through the Highlands, turned the marquis out of his own carriage, because he did not know who was the mother of Queen Elizabeth. In vain might he look for a travelling companion here. Do you recollect a story of Tom Stepney's—a man far underrated, in point of humour, by you and your Oatlands friends—about his countrymen, the Welsh? On the restoration of Charles II., a form of prayer and thanksgiving was sent down into Wales, to be read in all churches and chapels. "This is all very well, perhaps, for Charles II.," said the Welsh; "but what is become of Charles I.?" Of Cromwell, they had never heard a word. What I have, that I send thee.' Generally speaking, however, these letters are crammed with French phrases and French sentiment—all glitter and polish, with very

little good material underneath. If the Dandy grew poor, the other dandies fled from him as though he had had the leprosy. Poor Brummell, in his wretched exile at Calais, got very few amusing letters from any of them. 'If,' writes he pathetically to one of his ancient friends, 'you shall have a rainy morning and ten minutes of leisure, do not, I beseech you, forget such an exiled disconsolate devil as I.' He actually apologises to Mr Raikes for troubling him with a letter at all. 'As my personal communication at this place is confined to M. Quillac, his waiter, to a domestic upon trial—who I firmly believe to be the Duc de Castries in disguise—and to an old abbé, who daily instructs me in the French dialect, at three francs an hour, you must allow me, with all that kindness you have of late so ostensibly shewn me, to talk to you a little in correspondence.' He goes on to beg piteously for a little *Façon de Paris* snuff, and for some square pieces of muslin, wherewith, we suppose, to make those cravats, for the tying of which he had had in ancient days a European reputation.

The character of the Dandies generally will by no means be raised by the publication of Mr Raikes's correspondence; nor will many be found to regret, with its accomplished editress, that 'they have been entirely effaced in the rapidity of industrial progress, and the increasing necessity and enormous power of money in the social scale.'

There are, however, some things in the volume, independent of the Dandies, well worthy of attention. Letters from Russia in 1812 describe the retreat of the Grand Army in striking colours. 'When the Russian army reaches the ground last abandoned by the French, they find, in general, many of these unhappy wretches frozen to death, in the very position of sitting round their fires warming themselves. Some had fallen into the fire, and their heads were burned to cinders, not having had sufficient strength to recover their perpendicular after once losing their balance. The roads are strewn with their bodies, and every village is filled with them.'

Mr Raikes thus describes to the Duke of Wellington the arrival of the ashes of the Emperor Napoleon from St Helena in 1840. 'I think it will gratify your Grace to hear that the singular and anxious scene of yesterday went off more favourably than could possibly have been expected. As soon as it was light, all the inhabitants of Paris were on their way to the scene of march, which extended through the Champs Elysées from the Pont de Neuilly to the Invalides, and was guarded by a double line of troops from one point to the other. The immense multitude collected on this spot, from the city and from all the surrounding country, must have amounted to nearly a million of souls; and yet, wonderful to relate, the tranquillity of the scene was undisturbed, and the ceremony passed off without the result of even a single accident. Your Grace will see detailed in the papers the programme of the procession. I will only add, that although there was an evident intention to give it more a triumphant than a funeral air, it was really a serious and a solemn sight. Some of the people who lined the road, notwithstanding the intense cold, had climbed upon the trees and on the posts, between which immense pots of fire blazed into the frosty air; and when the gorgeous funeral-car appeared, followed by the imperial eagles, veiled with crepe, a host of ideas, for which I had hardly been prepared, rushed upon the mind. The extraordinary career of the man, to whose tomb at St Helena this pilgrimage had been made; the countless multitudes assembled to hail the corpse of one whose memory had for twenty-five years been proscribed; the sudden silence; the torrent of heads that followed after, so thick, so close, that the earth seemed alive with; altogether were of an effect that created a nervous and extraordinary sensation in the mind. All this multitude dispersed afterwards with the utmost

tranquillity. Paris was as quiet through the night as if no occurrence had drawn the inhabitants from their daily occupations. It is true that all the military posts were doubled, and patrols of horse and foot hourly paraded through the streets; but not a cry of disorder was heard, and even a silly Englishman, who had thought fit to put on a volunteer uniform, was allowed to pass unnoticed, notwithstanding the papers had advised us not to appear. I hear the scene at the *débarcadère* at Courbevoie was very striking. When the coffin was borne from the steamer to be placed on the funeral-car, your Grace's friend, the old Marshal Soult, who was waiting, bare-headed, on the shore, prostrated himself before it, and burst into a flood of tears.'

Of the grasping character of the late Louis-Philippe, the same correspondent, writing to the same high personage, gives us these particulars. 'He was elected king of the French on the 7th August. On the previous day (the 6th), he made over, by a deed drawn up by Dupin the lawyer, all his private property, as Duke of Orleans, being five millions per annum, to his own children, reserving the usufruct to himself. He enjoys the income of the Duc d'Angoulême (acquired from the Prince de Condé) till his majority, and his civil list is from twelve to fourteen millions per annum. With these colossal means, the whole study of his life is to throw, by every manoeuvre, his own incidental expenses on the shoulders of the nation.'

Finally, we have this extraordinary account of the manner of treatment of prisoners in France who are accused of high treason; if the date of the letter were not 1841, we might almost imagine we were reading of the middle ages.

'MY LORD DUKE—Darmez, the assassin, who in October last made an attempt on the life of the king, is confined in the Conciergerie, and subjected to the prison discipline; but no preparations are as yet apparently made for his trial. The system enforced in such cases is this: the prisoner is at first treated with the greatest indulgence; nothing that he desires is refused him; the Chancellor and the Grand Referendary visit him, and the people about him are attentive to his wishes, and anxious to converse with him. This is called the process of kindness; and if it fails to work upon the culprit's gratitude, and to produce the discovery of his plot or accomplices, recourse is then had to the process of reduction. He receives little or no nutriment, is frequently bled, and never allowed to go to sleep; his strength is sapped away by inches; and if in this exhausted state he makes no revelations, a third experiment is tried—the process of excitement. Wine and spirituous liquors are administered *bon gré, mal gré*; he is kept in a state of constant intoxication, in hopes that his incoherent replies may give some clue to his secret thoughts. Thus, the physical powers are tortured and perverted, to weaken the firmness of the moral.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CONSIDERING the interest that thousands of people take in the weather from hop-growers down to picnic-parties, we may very properly help to make known that the Marquis of Tweeddale has offered a prize for a series of thermometrical observations, whereby, if possible, some conclusions may be arrived at as to the laws which regulate fluctuations of temperature and changes of weather. The thermometers are to be exposed without regard to aspect, just as crops are in the fields, so that whatever the natural influences, they will make their impression on the self-registering instruments, and come duly under notice. In connection with the systematic record of the indications of the thermometers, observers who intend to compete for the prize are requested to note appearances of the

clouds, of sunrise and sunset, of rainbows, and other meteorological and astronomical phenomena; the flight of birds, the deportment of animals, the hearing of distant sounds, and, indeed, all those phenomena which have so long been popularly regarded as signs of change of weather. The point especially to be noticed in connection with these is, whether they present anything remarkable when the change takes place. Mr Henry Stephen, well known as author of the *Book of the Farm*, gives an example in a letter which appears in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*. 'When Noah's ark, or the boat, as it is called by the country-people—I don't know its scientific name—occurs, a fall is indicated. The ark consists of a convergence of clouds towards a point on each side of the horizon, and the line between the points is always at right angles to the wind for the time being. When the clouds consist of the cirri, which they usually do, the fall will occur in twelve hours, snow in frost, and rain in summer. I had a confirmation of this result, which I never saw fail, while visiting Lord Wharmcliffe this Christmas at Wortley, near Sheffield. The ark appeared distinctly in the heavens, with a clear sun on Monday afternoon, and a heavy fall of snow took place on Tuesday, Christmas Day, which I had firmly predicted on the Monday.' Those who are interested in the question would do well to consult the recently published second edition of Mr Bloxam's ample quarto on the Meteorology of Newport in the Isle of Wight. It comprehends sixteen years' observations, and, consequently, all kinds of weather. We close this subject for the present, by mentioning that a new test for ozone has been recently introduced: a strip of paper moistened with pyrogallie acid, which becomes dark if ozone be present.

In New England, machines are now manufactured for the making of boots and shoes, which appear to rival the sewing-machine in celerity of workmanship. Some of these present the sole to the pegging apparatus at any required angle; some cut the pegs by the same movement which cuts the sole, the cutter then serving as a guide to direct the pegs into the holes pierced by the awls. The most ingenious of all was recently seen by a friend of ours during a visit to Boston: it cuts and pierces the sole, cuts the pegs, and fixes the sole to the upper leather in six seconds. What will the shoemakers of Northampton say to this? With fifty such machines in operation, the government at Washington need not be apprehensive that the supply of shoes to their army will fall short.—The new railway-bridge now building across the Thames at Charing Cross, is an example of the extreme accuracy which has come to be considered essential in great engineering works: the holes in the numerous iron plates required in the structure are drilled, not punched, for punching does not give the essential accuracy. The drilling-machine, which partakes somewhat of the Jacquard method, is described in a paper read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers at Birmingham.—The Société Industrielle of Mulhausen have offered a prize for a pulp which can be made into paper; of any substance that will satisfy the paper-maker that art can produce something as suitable for his purpose as rags. The Society would prefer to have their question answered without the introduction of a new fibrous plant, as that necessitates prior cultivation; so the ingenuity of intending competitors must be employed in discovering something that produces itself ready for conversion, as rags do.

M. Schloesing, director of the Chemical laboratory of the French Imperial tobacco manufactory, has been investigating to discover the reason why some tobacco leaves are not combustible. It is because they contain no carbonate of potash, but do contain sulphate of lime. With the carbonate he discovers a certain amount of acid; and he finds that if the incombustible leaves are moistened with malic acid,

they acquire the necessary combustibility. The most combustible leaves grow on a soil rich in salts of potash; the most incombustible on a soil rich in salts of lime; and M. Schloesing has confirmed his theory by long-continued experiments on artificial soils.—M. Sarzeau shews, that by introducing a given weight of small iron nails into the receiver of the apparatus for making soda-water or eau gazeuse, and leaving them in the solution for forty-eight hours in a cellar, there will be produced a quantity of gazoferruginous water, which may be drunk with advantage by invalids to whom carbonate of iron has been prescribed.—M. Perrigault has introduced what he calls a thermo-aspirator into the Navy mills at Brest, by which he accomplishes two highly useful results: he can grind more flour in an hour or a day when the aspirator is in use, than by any other method, and maintain the flour at a temperature lower by five degrees centigrade than flour ground in the usual way. As many persons are aware, flour keeps best which has been least heated in the grinding.

By a new regulation of the French Ministry of War, one officer in every corps is to learn photography, so as to be able to take views of a country, or of objects, bridges, forts, cliffs, and the like, during a march or a campaign.—M. Niépce St Victor finds that certain kinds of porcelain absorb active light, and make an impression on sensitive paper after a lapse of twenty-four hours; that an insulated unpolished steel-plate will yield an impression, while a polished one will not; that exposure to light does not magnetise a bar of steel; and that all porous bodies, even the most inert, can be rendered active by insolation. In what does this activity consist? The able photographer imagines it to be neither a phosphorescence nor electricity, but an invisible radiation; and there at present he leaves the question.—The best artificial light for photographers is that of magnesium, which is only 525 times less than that of the sun. A very minute wire of this metal gives as much light as seventy-four stearine candles; were it not so enormously high-priced, it would come into general use among photographers; for pictures taken by magnesium light are scarcely to be distinguished from those taken by sunlight.

M. Coulvier-Gravier, whose name we have at times mentioned as an astronomical observer, has for many years watched the heavens nightly to note the meteors and shooting-stars. His collection of observations is now so large that he has been able to co-ordinate them, and to find data, as he believes, from which to foretell the weather, and predict the meteorological character of the year. For the verification of his theory, he requires a number of small observatories, whereby to make simultaneous observations at many places over a wide extent of country; and has solicited the imperial government at Paris to undertake the establishment of these auxiliary observatories. The government declines the task, but is willing to publish the observations already made, so as to bring M. Coulvier-Gravier's views to the test of examination by other observers and students of astronomical phenomena. Observations of meteors and shooting-stars is one of the subjects taken up by the British Association, whose annual reports contain long lists of these phenomena, collected by the late Rev. Baden Powell.

The thirty-first meeting of the British Association—the science parliament of England—took place at Manchester during the week commencing with the 4th of the month. The attendance was more than usually numerous—upwards of three thousand: indeed, the numbers were inconveniently great for both the sections and the general meetings, where heat and defective ventilation made themselves sometimes rather annoying. Most of the usual cardinal figures were present, along with a vast proportion of gentlemen and clergymen belonging to the district with a

prodigious infusion of ladies. The selection of one of the *illustrissimi* of the town, Mr William Fairbairn, mechanical engineer, as president, was an interesting circumstance; his comprehensive, yet modest address gave great satisfaction, and all felt how right and fitting it was that so admirable a specimen of the self-made men of industry should be put into the place of honour on such an occasion. There does not appear to have been any notable novelty in science brought forward at the Manchester meeting; but there was much work that was respectable, and doubtless the usual benefits derived from these conventions, in enabling men to compare notes with each other about their various pursuits, and in creating a public feeling in favour of science and its cultivators, have been realised. Perhaps the greatest popular notability was M. De Chaillu, the African traveller. The ladies shewed about nothing and nobody such eager curiosity as about the young Frenchman who had had the courage to meet the formidable gorilla in his native haunts. The naïveté of the clever little man in his various demonstrations and speeches made a very favourable impression. Sir Roderick Murchison gave, in Section C, a luminous and valuable exposition of the important revolution by which a large province of the north of Scotland has been reft from the kingdom of Devonian, and added to his own peculiar empire of Siluria. It was duly acknowledged by Sir Roderick, that the way was here first pointed by the modest provincial naturalist, Mr Peach, of Wick, who, having occasion, in his duty as a custom-house officer, to visit Cape Wrath, observed some fossils in a wall by the way-side, and was struck by their resemblance to those of the Silurian formation. There were some discussions on the now celebrated flint-weapons of the drift and bone caves, from which it might be caught that there is a tendency to reduce the conceptions at first formed regarding the vast antiquity of those objects. The views of Mr Darwin and kindred subjects had their share of attention, and always appeared to excite the keenest interest; but nothing calculated to advance that class of questions to a solution was elicited. The next meeting of the Association will be at Cambridge, where it last was in 1845.

SONNET.

ALL is the same as when I was a child;
But who shall tell the difference to me!
Dear to me then the bud, the bloom, the tree,
And sweet—how sweet!—the woodland tangle wild,
Where, lying hid, my airy towers I piled,
And crowned me king with flowers and revelry,
While Nature's darling self upon me smiled.
But now—ah, woe! that such a thing should be—
This lovely prospect—wood, hill, stream, and tower—
With purest joy to fill my idle hour,
And bid my heart like its free birdlets sing,
Has lost, for ever lost, its olden power.
Then, questionless, I drank at Nature's spring;
Now, mental yearning agony doth bring. M. B.

The Proprietors of *Chambers's Journal* have the pleasure to announce, that in consequence of the Repeal of the Paper Duty, they will be enabled, with the commencement of their next volume, in January 1862, to present its Readers with a sheet of better material than has hitherto been practicable. Earnest efforts will also be made to improve the literature of the work, so that, in the increased competition of able and worthy rivals, the FATHER OF ITS CLASS may yet be able to retain a fair share of popular favour.

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